

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.



"That Government is the best which governs least."

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OLD SERIES—VOL. TWELVE VOL. 2, NUMBER 50.

POETRY.

LINES.

Suggested by the sudden death of two lovely children Addressed to the parents.

WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.

They grow in childish beauty fair,
Bright buds of hope were they;
The stars that lit thy household eve,
Thy sunshine through the day,
A dark-winged angel swiftly came,
With icy hand and breath,
He chilled the half-unfolded buds;
That angel's name was Death!

In life, through every joy and grief,
The two were side by side;
The golden link that bound them thus,
Stern Death could not divide!
Together, marble-like and cold,
Ye sadly laid them down,
The ringlets clustering yet, so still,—
The flaxen and the brown.

Then slowly bearing them away,
Ye laid them in the tomb,
And turned to that deserted home,
In agony and gloom;
Their places vacant round your board,—
Their empty couch to see,—
To hear them lip their prayer no more,—
Beside their mother's knee.

The little garments once they wore
The playthings that remain,
A few bright links of curling hair,
Are all ye can retain!
Yet while thy tears in anguish flow,
For hopes so sadly riven,
Mourn not thou hast no child on earth,
While two are thine in Heaven!

For time no fearful ravage makes
With youth and beauty there;
And they've escaped the pain and toil,
Earth's sorrowing children bear.
Then let this arise, this hope, be thine,
That when life's cord is riven,
Thine angel-children hand in hand,
Shall welcome thee to Heaven!

The Dying.

Oh, mother, make my bed for me,
I'll ask it not again;
Why art thy eyes so dim with tears?
I would not give thee pain.

Father, dear father, ere I die,
Draw near my couch of death,
And seal thy blessing, ere I yield
My last expiring breath.

Sister stretch out thy trembling hand,
I feel I'm dying now;
Wipe off those tear-drops from the eyes,
And smooth my burning brow.

Brother, breathe out thy last farewell,
And give thy parting kiss,
Ere my freed spirit takes its flight,
To thy bright world of bliss.

Friends of my gay and joyous hours,
I've loved you deep and long,
Breathe out for me one parting prayer,
And sing one parting song.

Farewell! but when I'm laid to rest;
Breathe not for me a sigh;
Death comes! it was a grief to live,
An endless bliss to die.

ORIGINAL.

Random Shots,—No. 3.

BY NON-DESCRIPT.

Smoking and Chewing.

It is said by many people whose heads are on their shoulders, that a man may as well be out of the world, as out of the fashion—and nothing is too ridiculous in the matter of dress or manners for them to adopt. Most men smoke and chew and wear coats and pants of a peculiar cut and fashion, because that appears to be the ruling style of chestnut street. They remind me of a lady who had been on a visit to Philadelphia, and was very much elated in consequence. After her return home the conversation in a company of which she made one, happened to turn upon noses; in which the Grecian, Roman and African, came in for a due share of praise and censure. This ornamental member of the lady's face, happened to be most decidedly Roman; and upon being asked her preference she replied with a great deal of naïveté, "I very much prefer Roman noses, they are all the fashion in the city."

"It is fashionable and gentlemanly to smoke," say these votaries of vulgarity—

Without a single item of benefit to their constitutions and at the expense of their income, they puff and spit, until they themselves as well as the company, are completely disgusted. How a delicate lady can permit a walking representative of a Tobacco shop to approach the confines of her ruby lips, surpasses my understanding. Now how is it fashionable? The most degraded loafer who comes up regularly before the Mayor for sentence, is according to these wise-acres, the most fashionable. By the same rule of reasoning he is also a gentleman; and yet few of our young Bucks would like to walk down street with their fashionable and gentlemanly brethren. But it may be answered, it takes something more than smoking and chewing to make a gentleman.

Let me ask then, cannot a man be a most perfect gentleman, and neither smoke, chew nor snuff? Do either of these practices make a man either dignified or graceful? Some physicians have given in their opinion in favor of the medical qualities of tobacco. Not having the honor of belonging to this very useful and meritorious profession, I shall not take upon me the task of denying this position, but shall merely say, that so far as my reading extends, the majority of authorities lean to the other side of the question. Tobacco, according to the followers of this pernicious practice, is a sovereign panacea for all the "ills that flesh is heir to;" curing the water-brash, tooth-ache, heart-burn, stimulating and strengthening the system, making lean people fat, and fat ones lean. It is the human system, like a whip United States Bank, in the political system; the balance wheel, regulator and preserver of all things.

Smoking, chewing, snuffing and drinking are nothing in the world but nasty, disgusting practices. "I have smoked says one ever since I was ten years old;" and "says another," never smoked till I was thirty. The boy smoked because his companions did; and the man, for the same most excellent reason. Upon meeting after his first collegiate year, an old school-mate of mine; a seagar which he was leisurely puffing, first attracted my attention. "Why P," said I, you surely do not smoke." "Yes," said he I learned to smoke at College.— You would soon learn to smoke, drink and swear in college."

This did not tend to exalt my idea of college rules and regulations, but it did serve to prove, that people smoke for fashion sake, and that mankind are very much like a flock of sheep.

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled From a blazing seagar that a loafer was near."

Is it not really singular that young men, otherwise well-bred and genteel, can so far forget themselves as to turn their mouth into the crater of a miniature volcano? Intemperance in strong drink is not a greater curse than the practice of smoking and chewing. Although not so rapid, the fatal consequences are just as certain. It is to be hoped that our young men will eschew all these evil and pernicious practices; and grow up tidy, neat, genteel and sweet breathed men, keeping mouth, shirt, bosom and spout clean.

A SETTER.—A raw boy, coming into a printing office to learn the business, the foreman asked the question:

"Have you ever set any?" meaning type, of course.

"Set! reckon I kin; haven't I set all our old ones, and didn't every one on 'em hatch out every egg put 'nunder 'em except old Speckle, that went off and left her nest—consarn her old pitter!"

"You'll do," said the foreman. "I don't want you to set hens, but to set at that stand."

"Waal that's queer; you want me to set at a stand, like them set of fellers pickin' up them little jigamores, do you? Waal here goes."

John went to work, and "learn't his letters" at ease, until he could compose and punctuate correctly so that he is now a first rate setter and pointer.

AMBIGUOUS JUDGE.—A young lawyer having been asked by a judge whether in the transmigration of souls he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass?

"An ass," quickly replied the lawyer.

"Why?" says the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for Neal's Saturday Gazette.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT.

Writes to her Daughter, Mrs. Jupiter Smith.

DEAR MARY:—I now take my pen in hand to tell you that I rather guess you'll be considerably astonished when you read what I set down to write. I've got some news to tell that you can't guess if you try till next never, so you may as well give it up first afore you begin. And you aint to let on a word about it only to Jubiter and Kier and Selvy. Come to think, I don't care if you tell Sam Pendergrass wife, bein as how she's a partickler friend o'mine. But don't you open yer head about it to no other individual—nor I want to surprise the Wiggletown folks, and make 'em open their eyes a leetle. Come to consider, I guess you'll better not tell Miss Pendergrass, for I me afraid she can't keep it to herself. She might let it out to the Kenipes, and they'd tell the Crosbys, and the Crosbys they'd carry it strait to Major Coon's wife, and she'd be sure to tell old Dawson's wife, (the widdier Jinkins that was—she 'twas Pool Bingham), and she's the very unidentical person I want to keep it from till it hinst upon her all of a sudding, like a thunder clap. I guess he let her know I can hold my head as high as hern in futur, for who did she get but a decrippid old bung head, that she wouldn't a had if she could a got anybody else.— I guess on the hull you hadn't better say nothing about it to Kier's wife, for fear she'll tell her folks, and they'll sartainly devulgate it all round. If you dew tel her, you make her promise she won't hint a sillible about it to her stepmother—she 'twas Kezier Winkle—nor to nobody else.— You must keep it a perfumd secret till I come.— If nothing happens to prevent, we shall be in Wiggletown next week a Saturday, on our bridge tewe. A Sunday mornin we calculate to go to meetin long a you and Jupiter, and in the afternoon we shall tend the baptist meetin. I tell ye, wont there be some starin' in Wiggletown that day. I guess they'll find out that I me as good as any on em if not a leetle better. I shant hev on none o' the things they've ever seen me wear.— My riggin 's to be intirely new. Yer uncle Magwire has made me a present of a handsome green merino dress, and yer aunt Magwire has gin me a new brown velvet bunnet, and yer cousin Jefferson has presented me a elegant plaid shawl, and I calculate to come out in em all in Wiggletown.

Speakin o' my new wardrobes, reminds me to tell you that if Jabe Clark comes your way a peddin, not to trade a cents worth with him. You remember how he come to over me about the shoes that ye? Well it's amazin I should ever be such a fool as to be took in by him agin—but so 'twas. He come along here a spell ago, and saved me the axultest trick that ever you heard on. I was alone in the house—yer aunt had went to a sick nabors, and the way he ehested me was perfectly dretful. My blind biles now a think on 't.— He pretended he'd experienced religion, and lamented over the way he used to cheat and lie; and as true as I live and breathe, actly got round me so 't he persuaded me to swap away a nelegant stin colored silk that cost me a dollar a yard, for a miseraible slazy striped consarn, that he said was all the fashion now—called it "grody flowy"—and what makes it more aggravatin, made me pay tew dollars to boot. But that want the worst on 't, for come to enroll it, we found that three or four yards away at tother eend on 't was all damaged and stained up—want fit for nothing. Yer aunt was mad at me for bein so took in, and yer uncle he laift and hector'd me, and went on about it—you know what a critter he is to bother a body. At last I busted out a cryin, and went off and shut myself up in my room, and stayed there till tea time—and when I come down, to and behold, yer uncle stepped up and handed me a new green merino dress—he'd beea off to the store and bought it a purpose for me, fringe and buttons and everything to trim it with, and I've got it made up, and it sets like a dandy—and I me gwine to be married in it. But I can't help bein awfully gauled about the silk. I took it to Parker and Pettibone's and swapped fit for some things I wanted. They wouldn't allow me but eighteen pence a yard, and 'twas all 'twas worth. Jabe made me take a couple o' hankerschers, tew, for a dollar a piece—said he'd stake his reputation on 't they want half cotton—and no more they want, for come to dew em up, they showed our plain enuff that they was all cotton—did you ever?— He got round the elder tew—made him pay five dollars for a boxozum pin—said 'twas topiz set in gold, and it turned out to be yallar glass with a pancheback tin round it. I was clear out o' patience with the elder for bein so green—but situated as I was I couldn't say nothing. Ye know, if ever I come across Jabe Clark agin, if he dont ketch it, no matter. But I me wonderful brizy about these days—and so no more at present from your affectionate mother.

FRISILLA P. BEDOTT.

P.S. Give my love to Jupiter. I me gratified to hear that the baby is so forrad. What do you calculate to call him? I hope it wont be Jupiter—for somehow I dont exactly like the name, tho' it sounds well for a man. But dont in all favor name him after yer par. Hosskier's a awful name. How do you like Shadrack? That's the name of his grandfater that's to be. Yer uncle and aunt and Jeff sends love. P. P. B.

P.S. Yer cousin left axed permission to read this letter, and he says I want tell you who I me

to be married tew, nor when the weddin's to be nor nothing. But taint to be wondered at that I forgot, for I've got such a numerous number o' things to think on now. My future companion is the baptist minister of this place—by the name Elder Sniffles. The way we come acquainted was quite singular. You see I took to attendin his meetin because the presbyterian minister here is such small potatoes that twant eddityn for me to set under his preachin, and understandin that fder Sniffles was a very gifted man I thought I'd go to hear him. Well, I liked him wonderful well, he's a wonderful speaker and his prayers is highly interestin. So I goes to hear him a number o' times. He observed me and was evidently pleased with me—but during all the time I me creatin such a sensation in his beelins I never knowd but what he had a wife. How I did feel when I found out he was a widdier. I was dretfully frustrated, and kep myself as sceere as possible. But he follered me up and persevered, till at last I consented to accept of him. Its so monocolly to be alone in the world, and them ministers, dont grow on every bush. The weddin is to take place next week a Wenday evening at yer uncle's. Elder Yawpers, from slabtown, is to reform the ceremony and preach in elder Sniffles place the next Sabbath when we're gone.

The elder lives in a gamble ruff yallar house. I me to make him put wings to't and make it look rather more fashionable. It stans on a descending elevation that slants down to the canal on one side, and not far behind it is a monastic grove. He haint no family but a little lighty tighty gal that they brought up. I tell ye, if I dont make her stan round when I get there I me mistaken. We shall start for Wiggletown a Thursday, in the stage—and get there, I souse, a Saturday evening. Now Melissa Smith remember your to keep it a perfumd secret. I dont want nobody in Wiggletown to know a word about it till they see us come a walkin into meetin. If you aser this afore we come, direct your letter to the reverend Mrs. Sniffles.

Your affectionate mar,

P. P. BEDOTT.

(till next week.)

P.S. I've writ an elegy on my marriage that Jeff thinks is one o' his best poems. He's gwine to send it to be printed in the Scribble Hill Luminary, right under the marriage notice. He's a keepin it from his par and mar, cause they haint no sense o' poetry—yer aunt especially has always discouraged my writin for the papers. But she can't help herself. P. P. B.

From the Scribble Hill Luminary.

MARRIED.—In this village, on West, the 29th inst, by the Rev. Elder Yawpers, of Slabtown, the Rev. O. SHADRACK SNIFFLES, of Scribble Hill, to Mrs. FRISILLA P. BEDOTT, relict of the late deacon Ezekiel Bedott, Esq., of Wiggletown.

The fair bride has sent us the following morceau—which our readers will note with us in pronouncing equal to a former effusion from the same gifted pen. We wish the happy pair all the felicity which their distinguished abilities so richly merit.—Eds. L.C.M.

To Shadrack.

Prisilla the fair and Shadrack the wise,
Have united their fortune in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connexion,
Have bid adieu to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered situation,
And continue to sythe without mitigation;
But partners for life to be parted no more,
Their sorrows is ended, their troubles is o'er.

O Shadrack, my Shadrack! Prissilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmounted her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedewed her eye,
O Shadrack, my Shadrack! I'm yourn till I die!

The heart that was scornful and could as a stum,
Has surrendered at last to the fortune o' me;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!

The Raw Material.

A green 'un in the New York Spirit gives the following as his experience in the oyster line:—

"I never seed any of the animals till I went to New Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me, "are you fond of oysters?"

"I aint nothin' else," says I.

"Reckon," says he, "I can push more than any living man."

"I can take the shine out of you," says I, and I'll bait on that."

"Done says he, 'we'll bet suppers, and go right out and get 'em."

We went into what we called a roasted raw, and arter we sot down, he asked me how I'd take 'em."

I didn't know what to say, and I told him I'd take 'em any way he choosed.

"Water!" he sung out, bring us a dozen raw to begin, then a stew, and after that a dozen troid."

Putty snod a fellow with his shirt tail hanging down before, sot down his plate full

of nasty slimy lookin' things, that made me gag to look at 'em. I dassetn say a word for fear of bein' found out but ef I didn't imbide the brandy to keep them oysters in their places its a pity—I was in for it, as Jonah said when he swallowed the whale, and had nothin' to do but swallow and gag. My friend seed I looked kinder down in the mouth, and so he ordered in shampagne, as he said, to raise my spirits, and it want long afore it did—it raised the spirits and the oysters too; both come up together.— I had the supper to pay but settlin' the bill didn't settle my stomach. How I got to bed I disremember, but my friend and I had the same room and he'd eat and drank himself into putty much the same fix as me. So we spent the night performin' the extract of Niagary. I played the American side and he played the opposite shore. The full particulars of the performance was found in the small bills we paid at the bar the next mornin'—I've never said turkey about eatin' oysters since. All this you see come, for bein' so orful smart."

A Flower.

There's not a hoath, however rude,
But hath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

Goethe says: "I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself." Had the gentleman committed suicide.

Poor Richard's Sayings.

Some grow mad by studying much to know,
But who grows mad by studying good to grow?
An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.
Law, like cob-webs, catches small flies,
Great ones break through before your eyes
If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear.

Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee.
God heals, and the doctor takes the fees.
He that would live in peace and at ease,
Must not speak all he knows, nor judge all he sees.

He that can travel well afoot, keeps a good horse.
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.
He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Against diseases here, the strongest fence,
Is the defensive virtue, Abstinence.
Tart wools make no friends; a spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar.

Drive thy business or it will drive thee.
Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

An ounce of wit that's bought,
Is worth a pound that is taught.
A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Mad kings and mad bulls are not to be held by treaties and pack thread.
What mountains one vice would bring up two children.
A mob's monster; head enough, but no brains.
Nothing humbler than ambition when it is about to climb.

The discontented man finds no easy chair.
When prosperity was well mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.

The master's eye will do more work than both his hands.
A change of future hurts a wise man no more than a change in the moon.
A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

Plough deep while saggards sleep.
You shall have corn to sell and to keep.
If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, either write things worth reading or do something worth writing.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.
The first mistake in public business is the going into it.

The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rags, whose diet and wages are tamine and disgrace.
Kings and bears often worry their keepers.
He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne't take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.
Love well, whip well.
Hunger never saw bad bread.
Great talkers, little doers.

A rich roque is like a fat hog,
Who never does good till he dead as a log.
Fools make heads and wise men eat them.
The poor have little—beggars none.
The rich too much—enough not one.

Mankind are very odd creatures. One half consens what they practice, the other half practice what they consens. The rest always say and do as they might.

If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.
Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.
If man could have his wishes, he would double his troubles.

The Grand Secret of Masonry.

DISCOVERED BY A LADY.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 17, 1848.

Editor Review:—The following incident needs neither preface nor comment.— It speaks for itself. If you think it worthy of publication you will please give it a place in your next number.

On a visit to a neighboring city recently, I called at the house of my friend B., with whom I had long been acquainted.— To my astonishment, I found his lady reading a Masonic paper. I asked her what change had come over her, that she could not only admit such a paper to her house, but could sit down to its perusal—for I knew her father's family were among the most vindictive, bitter, persecutive, anti-masons, that ever left the infested district in New York. She replied that she had discovered the grand secret of Masonry; and if it would be agreeable to me, she would relate how she came to make the discovery. I requested her to proceed, which she did as follows:

"Soon after you left here last fall I learned, to my extreme mortification, that my husband had become a mason. I attributed it to your influence, and I need not say what my feelings were towards you or my husband. I at once came to the conclusion that my domestic happiness was at an end; but I resolved that my conduct in all the relations of wife and mother should be such, that the world should see that I had done all a woman should do. Some three or four months after I had learned my husband had joined the masons, a circumstance occurred that, for the first time, gave me any reason to doubt his integrity. It was one of the coldest nights last winter, that my husband returned at a late hour, and said to me: 'Margaret, cannot you do without your blanket shawl?' I replied that I could.— He asked me to get it for him, and bring him a bed spread or comfort. I handed the articles to him, and he immediately left the house. I went to the window, and by the lights from the lamps, I discovered another man with a large basket—the shawl and comfort were placed in it, and they soon disappeared. My husband returned in about half an hour—I had returned and he had every reason to suppose that I was asleep, but I was not, neither did I close my eyes with sleep that night. I expected in the morning as a matter of course, he would have some story prepared to explain his mysterious conduct.— This he failed to do, which induced me to keep a sharp look out for my shawl. For I knew if I could once get my eyes on that, I would be able to unravel the whole mystery. It was not long after, as I was on the street, that a female whisked along past me, upon whom I discovered my shawl!— The good for nothing hussy, thought I, while a glow of triumph thrilled every nerve, and quickened my pace in the pursuit. I followed her closely from one street to another into the fourth story of a book bindery. I saw her very composedly lay aside her shawl, and sit down to her work—where, urged on by that insatiable desire to get the claw to my husband's perfidy, I soon learned the street and number of her residence, and immediately left for it. I was not mistaken either, for I saw my comfort there. The whole secret flashed upon my mind at once as clearly as if it had been written with a sunbeam from Heaven. There I found a widowed mother, in the last stage of consumption, and three children dependent upon the scanty pittance earned by the elder sister, whom I had so unpropitiously followed. I learned from the lips of the dying woman a lesson, that in all my philosophy I had never dreamed of—such a tale of sorrow, I had never before listened to—and when she had related the deed of charity, that had been the cause of all my unhappiness, I felt that there was not room in my bosom to appreciate the disinterested benevolence of my husband. She said: 'I do not know how we should have lived, but for the kindness of two persons who came here late one night, and left a basket filled with provisions, some bed cloths, a shawl, and five dollars. They just opened the door and set in the basket saying, 'accept this and ask no questions,' and left before I had time to inquire their names. I do not know who they were; and I have had some doubts from where these things came—but I never forget in my daily prayer to Him who opened His hand and filth the poor with bread, that if these were men, them and their might be saved from the sorrows and afflictions with which I have been visited.' I left the house a better woman than I entered it."— But the grand secret of masonry, said I—"I thought you were to tell me what it is?" She replied, "It is, to do good and not tell of it!"

"I never seed any of the animals till I went to New Orleans."

One night a friend of mine said to me, "are you fond of oysters?"

"I aint nothin' else," says I.

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Scarlet, silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.
The first mistake in public business is the going into it.
The idle man is the devil's hireling; whose livery is rags, whose diet and wages are tamine and disgrace.
Kings and bears often worry their keepers.
He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.
Ne't take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.
Love well, whip well.
Hunger never saw bad bread.
Great talkers, little doers.
A rich roque is like a fat hog,
Who never does good till he dead as a log.
Fools make heads and wise men eat them.
The poor have little—beggars none.
The rich too much—enough not one.
Mankind are very odd creatures. One half consens what they practice, the other half practice what they consens. The rest always say and do as they might.
If you would keep a secret from an enemy, tell it not to a friend.
Old boys have their playthings as well as young ones; the difference is only in the price.
If man could have his wishes, he would double his troubles.

The Injuries we do, and those we do not, are seldom weighed in the same balance.